THE DREAM OF A WORKER.

BY CECIL LARRAINE.

What was it?—the dream of a worker—
A picture whose tints were too bright;
A vision that cheer'd while it lasted,
But faded too soon into night!

A dream of a face amongst others,
More sweet than the fairest one there,
With eyes like the stars in the heavens,
And glitt'ring gold waves of hair!

A dream of a voice, to whose music
I listen'd with rapture how sweet;
Its tones caught my heart and enthrall'd it,
And bound it in chains to her feet.

'Twas only a dream, fellow-workers,
A rest from the world's round of strife,
A respite from some of its troubles,
A glimpse of another fair life.

What was it?—the dream of a worker—
The echo, perchance of a pray'r;
A picture whose colors are fadeless,
On whose hopes were too fair!

UNDER FIRE.

A True Border Story of the War.

Some time before the war a Presbyterian clergyman from New Hampshire went South, with his family, for the benefit of his health. He purchased a little farm in Virginia, about three miles from Washington, D. C., access to which was had by the way of Georgetown and the Aqueduct Bridge. He gradually failed in health, however, and died, leaving a widow—Mrs. Gayes—and two girls and two boys. At the breaking out of the war in 1861, Mrs. Gayes and her eldest daughter, who was about fifteen years of age, took a decided stand in favor of the Union cause. It required not a little moral courage to do this; but there was no element of fear in the make-up of any member of the family. At first their home was within the Confederate lines, and communication with Washington was very difficult and hazardous. Mrs. Gayes was ridiculed, and sometimes threatened, but it availed nothing.

After the Confederate lines were driven back a few miles in 1861, fortifications were constructed around Washington for the protection of the National Capital. They consisted of a chain of forts arranged in nearly a circle. The line crossed the Potomac near Chain Bridge, above Georgetown, extending thence down to Arlington Heights and some distance below, recrossing the river about half way between Long Bridge and Alexandria, and so on around until the circle was complete. Within this line, and about a mile and a half from Fort Smith, situated on a little eminence, was Mrs. Gayes' modest home, protected now from the enemy, but suffering more, perhaps, from her friends. Many regiments were encamped near by, and little by little her timber, and fences, and stock and crops disappeared, until there was scarcely anything left save the house and the land. Even the cook stove was missing one morning. Very frequently at night she was aroused by the beating of "the long roll," the shouting of words of command, and the tramping of regiments as they swiftly formed in line of battle to meet the expected enemy. On such occasions all the members of the family would hastily dress, secure about their persons what valuables they had, and patiently wait. During all these trying years she and her daughter were devoted friends of the Union cause, and their willing hands were untiring in doing something for the soldiers.

It was a midsummer morning in 1864. Out in the field and over in the city it was scorching hot. But in Mrs. Gayes' house, protected as it was from the rays of the sun by the abundant foliage of the great oaks which surrounded it, the heat was not oppressive. Mrs. Gayes was in the sitting room reading a paper. The elder daughter was in Wasnington. Charley, the eldest son—who was then near twelve years of age, was playing with the dog on the porch. It was a peaceful, quiet picture of Virginia country life. Suddenly there came a loud, whistling, screaming sound, followed by a terrific explosion directly over the house.

"Why!" ejaculated Mrs Gayes, as she started from her seat, "what a heavy clap of—" thunder, she was about to say, but the unmistakable humming, twanging sounds which followed close upon the explosion, with the falling of leaves and broken branches from the trees, told her it was a shell from some heavy gun.

"Is it possible the rebels are making an attack?" she said.

The children now came running in from their play, and one of them cried out, "Oh, mamma! the lightning has struck the trees." Mrs. Gayes went out on the porch and looked and listened, but nothing unusual could be seen or heard.

"It was a shell," said she. "I expect a gun at one of the forts went off accidentally."

"Well," said Charley, "when they load their guns I wish they'd point them toward Richmond. They ought to be ashamed of themselves."

"I don't think we shall be troubled any more," said the mother as she returned to the sitting-room, followed by the children. She had but just resumed her seat when another shell buried itself in the earth a few rods from the house and burst, throwing up clouds of dust and dirt.

"What can it mean?" said Mrs. Gayes.

"I know what it means, mamma!" cried Charley. "That New York regiment which has just been sent over to Fort Smith has put up a target in our field, and the fellows are firing at it. I wish I was a General. I'd put every one of them in the guard house!"

The boy was right in his surmise, and in a few moments another missile thrown from one of the huge siege guns with which the fort was armed, struck, a quarter of a mile away, and came bounding or ricocheting toward the house, striking the ground at short intervals in its mad course, something as a stone when thrown violently upon the water skips along the surface. With a shriek like a demon it plunged through the garden, destroying everything in its path, filled the air with dust, gave two or three more skips and screeches, and finally burst over near the road. Mrs. Gayes turned pale.

"Come down into the cellar with me, all of you," she said, and they obeyed with alacrity. After she had quieted Eliza, the negro servant, who was alternately praying to "de good Lord" and to "Missus Gayes" to save her, she said:

"Charley, you must run up to Mr. Pierson's just as fast a you can, and ask him to go around to the fort and have the firing stopped. And you remain at Mr. Pierson's until I send for you. Don't come back. You are not afraid to go, are you?"

"No, mamma, I'm not afraid," answered the brave little fellow as he clasped his mother's hand a little tighter.

"I knew you would not be; and now as soon as the next shell comes I want you to go." When it came she kissed him and said, "Now, my brave boy, run!"

She would gladly have gone herself, but she thought it better to remain that she might be with the other two children in case the house should be struck and burned. It cost her a struggle to send her son forth on such a perilous errand, and her face was very pale as she kissed him. Away sped Charley through the garden, glancing with wonder at the great furrows the shells had ploughed, climed the fence and started to run with all his might toward Mr. Pierson's house, which was half a mile distant. He had scarcely left the garden fence, however, when another shell came tearing through the shrubbery he had just passed and burst close to the house. The mother's heart stood still for an instant—and there was cause for it. One of the flying fragments struck poor Charley, and he fell to the ground with a cry of "Oh, mamma!" Down in the cellar the mother heard the cry of her wounded boy, and in a moment she was kneeling by his side. It was a sad sight for a mother to look upon. The cruel piece of iron with its ragged edges had stripped a great piece of flesh from the back of his ankle upward, completely severing the cord and laying bare the bone. He was lying upon his face, and the blood was already staining the green grass where he had fallen. Breaking words of encouragement, she removed his shoe and the fragment of stocking, and hastily bound up the wound with strips torn from her clothing. In this way she stanched the flow of blood and quieted his fears though she could not alleviate his pain.

"Now, Charley, I must go up to Mr. Pierson's myself, for a shell may strike the house, and then Mary and Robby will be burned. I'll put you behind that tree, and you will not be in much danger."

"But you'll run, mamma, won't you?"

And the tears trickled down Charley's cheeks, though he tried very hard to keep them back. The tree was a large chestnut, and its generous trunk afforded a pretty ample protection against the shells, two of which had struck near by while Mrs Gayes was binding up the wound. Arriving at Mr. Pierson's she dispatched him in great haste to the fort, while she, with swift feet, returned to Charley. Becky and Barty Pierson, aged seventeen and eighteen, with true girlish heroism, returned with her notwithstanding the bursting shells. On the way they passed several negroes sheltered behind stumps and stones, and Mrs. Gayes vainly begged them to follow her and assist in the removal of the wounded boy. They found Charley behind the tree, and he said: "Oh, mamma! I'm so glad you've come back." He could not walk at all, and he was weak from pain and loss of blood. So his mother and the two girls carried him in their arms as best they could. Down the hill, half blinded by the smoke and stunned by the awful explosions, slowly moved the strange procession. They waded the little stream in the hollow, stopping a moment to bathe Charley's face and hands, and carried their burden up the hill to Mr. Pierson's house.

By this time Mr. Pierson had reached the fort, and the firing ceased. The other children were sent for, and in a few moments the regimental surgeon and hospital steward came galloping down to express their sorrow at what had happened and to render assistance. The surgeon's proffered services were most gladly accepted. When he was ready to examine the wound, the mother said:

"Now, Charley, it will hurt you to have the wound dressed; but it must be done; and you must try and bear it. It will soon be over."

"I'll try," said Charley, "if you'll be sure mamma, and not let my leg be cut off."

She pressed him to her heart, and assured him with loving words that there was no occasion for so serious an operation.

"Sing to me, mamma! sing to me!"

"Why, Charley—I—I—don't believe I can sing now," she faltered.

"You must, mamma; you must! Please sing to me just the same as you always do, and I'll keep awful still." And he reached up and put his arms pleadingly around her neck. There was a silence in the room as the little sufferer persisted in his strange request. Then the mother closed her eyes and tried to sing. Her voice was tremulous at first, but by a mighty effort she expelled from her mind every thought save the remembrance of her love for her wounded child; and she was soon able to sing to him almost as sweetly and softly as if in her own quiet home. The boy's arms gradually relaxed and he lay back again quietly upon the blood-stained bed, with his head resting half upon his pillow and half upon his mother's lap. His eyes were closed, and his pallid face had lost something of the roundness and fullness which marked it in the morning. The mother was bending over him, with one of his hands in hers. On the other side of the bed sat Barty Pierson, fanning Charley's face. At the foot stood the surgeon and the steward. Clustered around the room were half a dozen neighbors, looking on with sympathetic, awe-stricken faces.

When the mother began to softly sing the song she knew he loved, there was a solemn hush in the room, and every eye was filled with tears. Even the rough, old surgeon, as he cut away the bloody bandages, was seen to turn away his head and hastily draw his sleeve across his eyes a number of times; and the steward was hardly able to distinguish his instruments. Under the soothing effect of his mother's voice the boy allowed the wound to be dressed and the cruel stitches to be taken. Later in the day he dropped asleep and woke considerably refreshed. He was uncomplaining through it all; and the fortitude with which he bore his suffering excited the admiration of every one.

In the cool of the evening Charley was taken home in an ambulance, sent for that purpose from the fort. The officers did everything in their power to atone for the suffering they had so carelessly but unintentionally caused. The surgeon and his assistants attended him tenderly and carefully until he was well. The surgeon offered to procure his mother a pension, but Mrs. Gayes declined, saying that she was too thankful that her boy was alive to think of asking aid from the Government. Charley was soon able to walk with the aid of crutches, but could not dispense with their use for many months.

Mrs. Gayes, now an aged woman, loves to tell of those perilous times. One of her daughters, a lady of rare qualities, fills one of the highest positions allowed to her sex in the Government departments in Washington. She has in her little cabinet at home the very piece of shell which did its cruel work that day. It is rusty, and when picked up was blood stained. Charley is a florist and brings his flowers regularly to one of the Washington markets. He limps a little and will always have cause to remember the summer morning when the New York regiment in Fort Smith bombarded his mother's house.—New York Tribune.

Scratches in horses are caused by keeping the animal in a damp stable, or in one that is very filthy.

A VERY DULL BOY.

How President Cleveland Was Regarded by His Schoolmates.

Very Fond of Drawing the Girls Around on Sleds—The Friends of His Boyhood Surprised at the Backbone Mr. Cleveland Has Developed as Governor and President.

[Washington Correspondence of the Post-Dispatch.]

DeWitt C. Sprague is well known in New York. He read the poem at the last reunion of the Army of the Potomac at Baltimore. He is at present one of the officials in the Fourth Auditor's office. He was formerly a lawyer in New York, but ill health compelled him to give up his practice. He was Consul in Italy during the greater part of Grant's time. He was born and brought up in Fayettesville, where Grover Cleveland lived for a number of years when he was a boy. Mr. Sprague is still a young, active looking man. He recalls a number of interesting incidents in the earlier career of young Cleveland. His family, the Spragues, were neighbors and friends of the Clevelands. The President's father was a rigid Presbyterian clergyman and an Abolitionist of the extreme type. He never lost an opportunity to denounce slavery. Cleveland's family were all Republicans. His brother-in-law, Mr. Hoyt, is one of the strongest Republicans in Central New York. Cleveland himself never took much interest in politics when he was a young man. Mr. Sprague says that he can not remember his ever saying anything about it when he was in Fayetteville. It was not until he went to Buffalo that he took the side of any political party. He never has been at any time a partisan.

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"What kind of a boy was Cleveland at school?" I asked Mr. Sprague.

"He was a very dull boy. He never was much of a fellow for books. He was a chubby, good-natured fellow. He was very fond, in the winter time, of drawing the girls of the school around on sleds. Why, I can remember him now just as well as can be, running with my sister on his sled through the snow, his round, fresh face fairly lighted up with radiant good nature."

"Was he a fighter in those days?"

"No, he was not. You couldn't get him into a fight. He was the most peaceful fellow I ever saw. He would do anything in the world to keep out of a row. Those who knew him as a boy were very much surprised to see him develop so much backbone when he became Governor. He used to be so easy and yielding that any one could do what they pleased with him." Mr. Sprague continued. "Even in those days he showed great taste for business. Although he was considered very dull at school, he was one of the hardest workers in it. He was never very fond of play. He seemed to take more pleasure in work. All of us boys thought he was cut out for a merchant. Cleveland used to come over to our house a great deal. My mother used to call him Grove Cleveland. She still calls him that. Cleveland used to be very fond of coming over to our house about breakfast time. My mother was a great hand for buckwheat cakes in the morning. Cleveland would come in and take a seat and then cast a wistful eye upon the pancakes. Then my mother would say, "Grove, won't you have some of the cakes? Do sit up," and although he had previously breakfasted at home, he would eat nearly his weight in buckwheat cakes.

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The President when he left school in Fayetteville entered the store of Beach C. Beard. Beard was the leading merchant of the place. He was the great capitalist of Pompey Hill. He moved over to Fayetteville to find a larger field for his energies. His daughter Carrie married John O. Evans, the late President of the Mutual Union Telegraph Company. Mr. Evans was largely interested in Washington property, and left a very handsome estate here. His widow resides here now. She is a frequent caller at the White House, now occupied by her father's former clerk. Mr. Beard himself was here the other day and had a very pleasant visit with the President. Mr. Beard is a very fine looking gentleman, who has always voted the Republican ticket until last fall. He could not vote for Mr. Blaine, and so voted for Mr. Cleveland. The President always shows great pleasure when he meets any of his old Fayetteville friends. Mr. Sprague called at the White House soon after inauguration, and found that they all remembered him. The President gave him and his wife a hearty invitation to a family dinner at the White House.

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Mr. Sprague's account of the President's being a dull boy finds plenty of parallels in the history of other prominent men. Sir Walter Scott was regarded as one of the most stupid of boys at school. The Duke of Wellington was a dullard in his youth, while Goldsmith was considered to be not more than half-witted. the President has so surprised the politicians about him even more than his old-time friends, with the development of his powers as Executive. He is anxious to make a good administration, and believes that he will be renominated in the event of his giving a satisfactory administration to the people.

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Governor Proctor Knott has been in the city for the last two or three days. I saw him upon the street the other morning and had a brief talk with him. He looks more dignified since he has become Governor of Kentucky. He has more what the military would call "a set up" than he had when he was in Congress. He is a man just about medium height, with a round, stout figure. His head is very large. His face is broad and smooth shaven with the exception of a snowy white mustache which sweeps down over his mouth, completely hiding it. His nose is Roman. His eyes are a clear blue, while his forehead is broad and high. He has the high, clear color of a man in perfect health. He was dressed in a very close-fitting suit of black, made by one of the best of Eastern tailors. He wore upon his head instead of his old soft slouch a silk hat of the latest style. He was as correctly and neatly dressed as any New York club man. He shows a marked improvement in his personal appearance since he left Congress. Men can not serve in the House of Representatives for any length of time and keep their health or even any semblance of it. The chamber where the members meet is full of poison and its atmosphere is responsible for the breaking down of many a public man. Mr. Randall's break down is only one of many that are directly traceable to this badly ventilated room.

I heard of a peculiarity of General Sherman's the other day which should be noted by those who are to write his future history. The General is very fond of good whisky. He used, when he started out for the War Department, to stop at the bar just above Willard's Hotel for a morning drink. In Washington a single drink of whisky is fifteen cents; two drinks for a quarter. Van Vliet, when he was Quartermaster General, used to start out with Sherman at the same time, so that they could take their morning drink together. They lived next door to each other, and through this arrangement of starting out together they were able to save 2½ cents upon each of their morning drinks. Sherman would pay one day, and Van Vliet another. There was always a dispute between them as to who should pay, each insisting that he had paid upon the day previous. Occasionally Sherman would come in alone, having missed Van Vliet. Then a funny little comedy would always ensue. The General of the Army of the United States, after having tossed off four or five fingers, would begin to fumble in his waistcoat. Then he would say, "I have changed my waistcoat this morning. I have no change." He would say, "Chalk it down and I will pay you to-morrow morning." The next day he would come in for his morning drink and put down a quarter in satisfaction of the two drinks. The owner of the bar said that he was never able to get whisky at a low enough wholesale rate to get his money back out of Sherman. Up near the War Department was another restaurant. This was a military restaurant, chiefly patronized by officers of the army and the officials of the War Department. General Sherman's lunch here was a big drink of straight whisky. He would come over about 1 o'clock and call for his special bottle. He would pour out enough whisky to make two or three ordinary men drunk and would then lay down ten cents and walk out. He was the only patron of the restaurant who got his drink for this price. The General of the army use to be just as economical in his smoking. He never would buy cigars for his own use that cost more than $2.50 a hundred.

T. C. CRAWFORD.

Cheese-Making.

Milk for cheese-making—whether whole, skimmed or partly skimmed—should be perfectly sweet. Set your milk at a temperature of 84° or above. Rennet is more active at 98°, or blood heat, above which the temperature should not be much raised. A temperature of 146° will kill the rennet. Add rennet enough to make a good curd in thirty minutes. Cut the curd as soon as it can be done without waste, and cut fine and finish at once. Keep the temperature as evenly at 98° as possible until the curd is fit to dip and salt Cheddar, or cook in the whey, as preferred. Practice alone can teach when to dip, something depending on whether a soft or firm cheese is desired. The cheesing process depends a good deal on the relative percentage of water to caseine. If there is too little water, the cheese will cure slowly and be dry, crumbly, and have little flavor. If there is too much water destructive fermentation will set in, and the cheese rapidly decay, if it does not sour and break. An even temperature is indispensable for curing—as low as 65° to 70° for whole-milk cheese, as high as 75° to 80° for skimmed—according to degree of richness.

William Bascom, of Duluth, was a laboring man who, in the flush of his power, was regarded as a prodigy of strength. One day, while lifting a heavy stone, he strained the muscles of his back, and it seemed certain that he would be unable to do any hard manual labor from that time forth. For weeks he was confined to the house, while his family suffered for lack of their usual comforts. He improved up to a certain stage, but then came to a standstill. He could not gain strength. One day he was urged to try Mishler's Herb Bitters. He did so, and with the happiest results. He is again a strong, healthy man, fully able to accomplish a day's work.

Don't forget the dust-bath. Have a box in your poultry-house filled with sieved coal ashes. The fowls enjoy it, and it cleanses them of vermin.